

# The Wild Lily Institute

April 2020

Poetry Month | With Canadian Poet Emily Isaacson

If I did not die young,  
I would become baroque/  
in movement,/and emotional relevance. — Emily Isaacson

*Dear Friends, it is poetry month.* I invite you to go deeper in this



season into what makes us human, and able to show compassion towards ourselves and others.

The trees still blossom in relinquishment, and they are delicate and austere.

*I am brandishing a sword at [www.propheticworldwide.com](http://www.propheticworldwide.com)*

Seven years ago I started a prophetic hub, to bring attention to many international prophets' ministries, and as a resource. We have now almost hit the 1.5 million mark for visits to WLI sites and although we have managed to keep the prophetic a secret for so long, it seems more and more people are turning to their faith over everything else to get them through. Having a source of inspiration and encouragement makes sense.

**Is there really new oil being poured out?**



Ignatia has been re-written as a play called The Two Olive Trees. You can visit my playwright website at: [www.isaacsonplaywright.com](http://www.isaacsonplaywright.com)

Ignatia is a study of two prophets, Justice and Liberty. Written in prose-poetry, this journey takes them to study natural medicine at one of America's top universities, and then as missionaries to the Middle East and Israel. When they lose the one person they need the most, it seems the only thing left to do is try their wings and go it alone. As they travel from Turkey to Israel, the guidance of their hearts emanates and they do find a home in Jerusalem where they resume their teachings at the university there, and uncover a deeper meaning to the vocation of healer in the physician.

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WLI Online Bookstore: [www.wildlilyinstitute.com](http://www.wildlilyinstitute.com)



The dome of the empress,  
an estuary in black velvet,  
and crinoline rifted through the leaves  
of yellowed ancients past.  
One time per glass-lit sanctuary,  
there stands an ivory candle,  
wedded to the future knight.  
The honeycomb now glistens,  
the womb outpoured  
upon the shoals of New Westminster.  
Within your castle walls,  
the empire's dirge, unspoken;  
a triumph in the ornate hall  
and twelve white horse at Windsor.

The Door

Miracle, you speak  
to the earth and it will brush  
the finery of autumn with  
such grants of time.  
The moments seep under the worlds.  
Euthendom, where witness  
tables movement,  
and the helichrysum  
drips inert.

--Emily Isaacson

*The Fraser Valley Poets Society has a new Anthology for sale. It is called Visions 2020: A Journey of the Heart. With poems by Emily Isaacson (those here included). \$20. Email us.*

The tragedies of life have inspired Emily Isaacson as an emerging writer to compose work that depicts the emotion of a country and its losses. She draws from her experiences as an artist, photographer, and writer to create word pictures that will endure in the hearts of her readers through the passing of time. To never forget how the burning of Notre Dame Cathedral made her feel, or why she chose to write Italian Sonnets on that topic was paramount; it was a gripping, silent, helpless moment for many. Now she writes from the ashes of plague, and I know this work will emerge dewy, breathless, and ready to meet the world head-on. We are becoming a country that pulls together in hard times. We know it rains when we are sad, and also know the sun will eventually come out when times are better.